The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FOUR. MAY 5, 1912 COMIC.

OLD DOC YAK

COLLECTS HIS BILL

NOT

DANNY DREAMER SR. AND SAMBO REMO RASTUS BROWN

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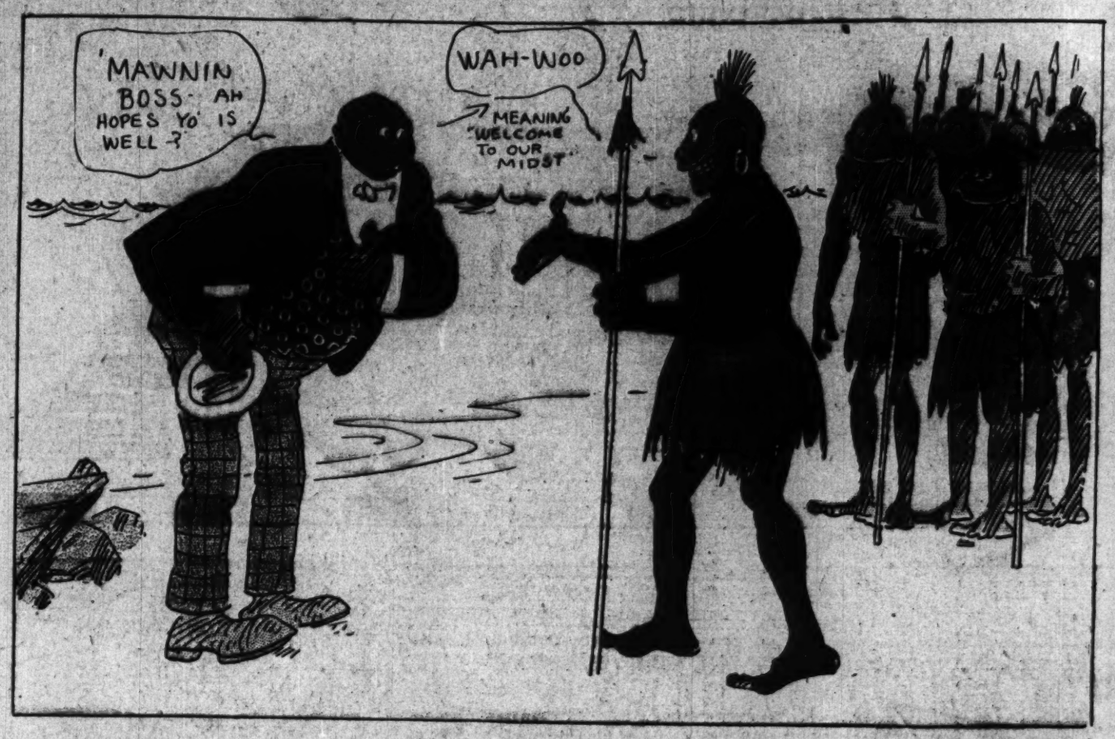

LOOK OUT FOR MOTORCYCLE MIKE!

THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIE AND BILL

YOUNG TEDDY MAKES A TRAP, AND IT WORKS - ALMOST

HONEST, HAROLD, DO YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAY?

OLD OPIE DILLDOCK'S STORIES.

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I had been commissioned to capture a pair of black panthers, the wildest and most ferocious denizens of the jungle, so I sat in my tent and instructed the baboon as to how to assist me. Then we fared forth and came face to face with the beasts.

The baboon immediately tackled one and I the other. Our modes of attack were entirely dissimilar, and yet both were most effective. We grappled with the panthers, working hard to keep clear of their teeth.

For several minutes we resembled two huge globes rolling about in the reeds and stubble. Neither gained any decided advantage, but the baboon and I were awaiting an opportunity of gaining our strangle holds.

Slowly and surely we were wearing down the panthers. Their breath was labored and strained. They fought furiously, snarling and biting, but aside from a few scratches the baboon and I were unhurt.

Suddenly we secured the agreed upon hold, choking the panthers with their own tails. Tying them in heaps, we took them to camp, where they soon were so cowed they ate sugar from our hands.

MAMMA'S ANGEL CHILD IS SO HARD ON CLOTHES

"Why Esther! That Was a Nice Clean Dress Just Ten Minutes Ago!"

"WELL-I Was Just Playin' In the Coal-Bin"

YES'M.- I'll BE CAREFUL"

"That Child Makes Me More Work Cleaning Up"!

"I Didn't Mean to- I'm Awfy Sorry"

"I'll Lose My Patience In a Minute!"

"MA! I FELL IN A MUD PUDDLE!"

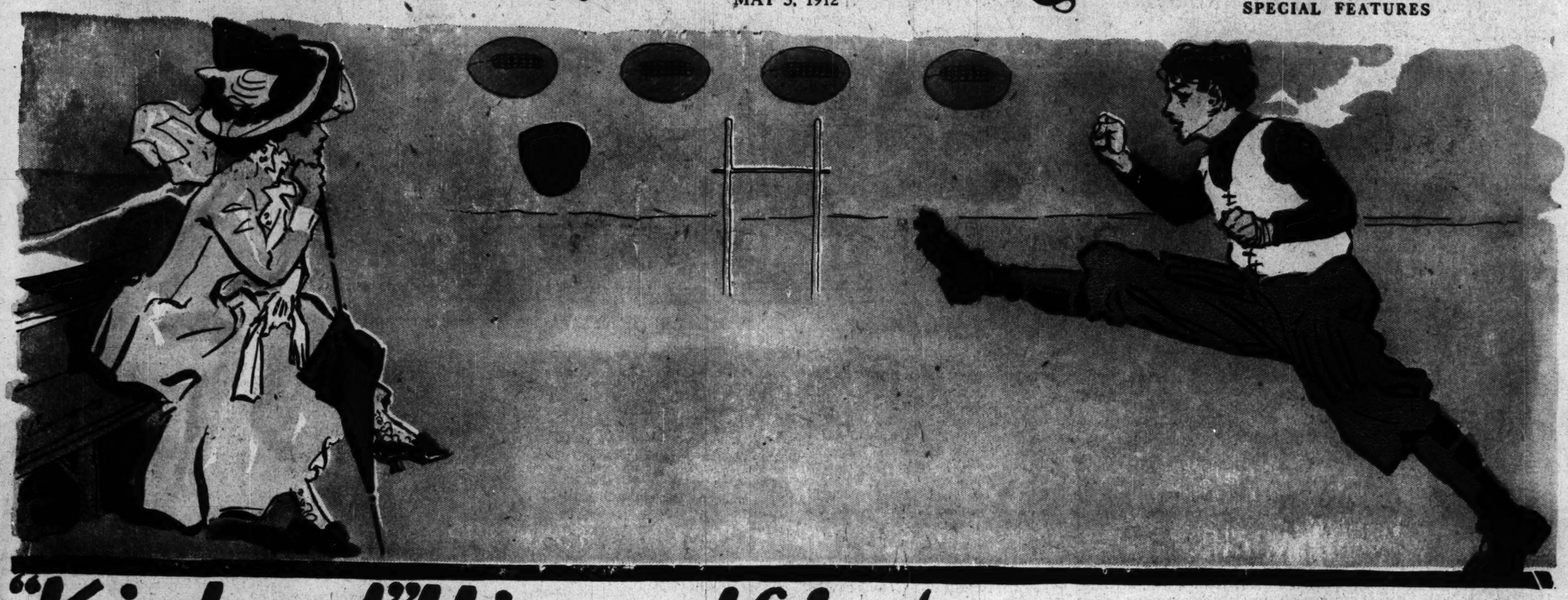
"Now, Esther — PLEASE Remember That Is Your VERY Best Dress and the Only Clean One You Have Left"

"Mamma My Dress Caught On a Nail!"

"I THINK MY MA IS THE MEANEST MA EVER LIVED!"

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART SEVEN — MAY 5, 1912 — SPECIAL FEATURES



"Kicked" Himself Into LOVE FAME MATRIMONY!

How Handsome Horace Scruby, Star of the Maroon Eleven, Won the Fairest Co-ed of All as She Sat in the Bleachers. An Irate Father, a Continental Race, a Frat Dance and a Strange Disappearance.

CHAPTER I.

THEY sat in the Sigma Chi frat house, their feet, extended in happy comfort, Bumps Roberts at the piano, thumpingly picking out the doleful notes of "Home Sweet Home" with two chubby fingers. One by one the magazines dropped to the floor and the chorus of protest against the would-be music grew louder and louder.

"O, cut it, Bumps, cut it!"

"Gee, but you're the fussy birds," Bumps mused as he swung around on the piano stool. "I'll cut it, just to keep you fellows from yelling your heads off. Now, who's everybody going to take to the soph dance?"

Of those who answered, Horace Scruby was the silent one. Bumps was insistent.

"What's her name, Scrub?" he asked.

Scruby laughed.

"Hasn't any. I'm going to stag it."

"Don't say? Well, I knew a fellow who met his own true love that way. Keep your eyes open, Scrub. A fellow never can tell."

"He could tell about you, all right, Bumps," came the bantering answer. "Some day a woman's going to look at you and one of the two of you'll drop dead. Isn't that right, fellows?"

"O, how I hate you!" exclaimed Bumpsie. "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!"

CHAPTER II.

IT was Bumps again, trading dances.

"I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," he said as he approached Scruby in the smoking room the night of the soph dance, "but just the same I know a little girl you'd like to meet."

"You're a brick, Bumps," answered Scruby. "Is my tie on straight?"

And an hour later Horace Scruby, president of the sophomore class of the University of Chicago, was swinging to the music of a lilting waltz, while in his arms was the prettiest co-ed of all. Her eyes—well, they were of a limpid deepness that held Scruby passionately bound. Her features, clear cut, soft, yet finely chiseled, were of a type that Scruby had dreamed of. Her dancing—well, that night on the way back to the chapter house Scruby walked as one in a dream. There was only one vision in his mind—there was only one sound, one sight. That was of Mary Roe, the sweetest co-ed of all.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW weeks later the gathering at the chapter house was discussing a most interesting topic.

"Where's he going all the time?" "Pete" Stuyvesant asked. Bumps turned.

"Where's he going?" asked Bumps. "Why, he's going out to Mary Roe's. Didn't I tell you he was in love? You watch the interclass hop and see whom he brings there. Then you'll know."

They did watch. They saw it was Mary Roe, and that Horace Scruby, all around good fellow, football player, and star athlete, seemed to think of no one except her.

"I hope it doesn't hurt his football playing next fall," observed Tub Williams. "If——"

"O, how I hate you," Bumps interrupted. "He'll be all over it by that time. I never saw the girl yet I couldn't get over loving in two weeks."

"I never saw the girl yet who would let you love her even that long," Tub answered satirically.

quarter back. Again the struggle. Again the cannonlike shot into the air as the ball went upward. Fifty yards had been gained. The spirit of the Maroons had come back. His heart was throbbing. Scruby knew what had caused it all—that face in the bleachers, that face of Mary Roe he had not seen yet which he knew was there.

CHAPTER V.

AND so it went throughout the football season. There was always that person in the bleachers or in the grandstand who put the real fighting spirit into Horace Scruby, who caused him to punt or to rush the line as he never had rushed it before, and who caused him to be the hero of the 1911 gridiron. Thanksgiving came and went; the big game of the year was over. Then came the indoor track events.

Again there was some one to watch, and Scruby in his shotputting excelled.

And in the evenings at the home of the fairest co-ed the caller always was Scruby, who sat wondering many times just what she thought of him. Men are often blind; they cannot see past the mask, that tiny mask though it is, which women throw over their affections. He wondered in his good hearted way, wondered whether she ever would say that she cared for him, wondered—— He was not counting on the aid of misfortune.

But that did come. The indoor track conference was not far away. The Maroon team was counting on Scruby for his first, with its five points, in the shotput. The night before the big meet the boys had gathered as usual to talk of the events of the coming day, to plan and to hope. Suddenly one burst into the conferencer white faced.

"Boys," he said slowly, "Scruby's gone!"

"Gone?" They left their seats precipitately.

"Gone! Disappeared!"

CHAPTER VI.

A MESSAGE had been left for the fellows, a message from Scruby which said that he had gone to the bedside of his mother, who was seriously ill. But almost simultaneously there had come the news that his mother was improving. The conference went on without Scruby, but it did not go on without wonder as to his disappearance. The college men had learned by this time that he had not gone to his mother's. It was Bumps Roberts who began to make deductions.

"Where have the Roes gone?" he asked.

"Haven't you heard?" was questioned from another. "They're out in Los Angeles—Mrs. Roe, Mary, and Adelaide."

"Then," said Bumps, "I don't think there's any use in looking farther for Horace Scruby. I'm betting money you'll find him right out there, too. O, how I do know men!"

CHAPTER VII.

AND Bumps knew more than even he thought. Day after day Scruby had brooded over the things that had come to pass. Day after day his loneliness had become more keen; the thought of three woman out there on the coast fighting a man with no masculine aid themselves had been too much for him. And he had followed.

And just what happened when he arrived out there, where the sun is soft and warm, where the orange trees send forth the fragrance of their wedding typical blossoms, where the air is soft and balmy, and where the sea kisses the sands with a tenderness that only warmth of climate can bring, Horace Scruby and Mary Roe wandered together in the twilight beneath the palms.

They talked of that something which is the greatest thing in the world. He told her of the girl he loved. And she——

Well, as Bumps Roberts will have it:

"The man who kicks usually gets what he's after, even if he does his kicking on a football field."

Miss Mary Roe Who Saw Handsome Horace Scruby Punt the Pigskin on Marshall Field and Who Said "Yes" When the Latter Popped the Question.

WHO SAYS CHICAGO'S HEART IS COLD?

Yes, Right in the Iron Bound Loop One Can Get the Full Tonsorial Menu, a Meal, a Bed, a Complete Set of Clothing and a Job for the Asking—if He Knows Where to Ask.

Free Shave, Haircut, Shampoo and Bath. | **Free Meal.** | **Free Bed in Municipal Lodging House.** | **Free Suit and Shoes** | **And a Job.**

WHAT'S the use of having money, when one can get a shave, haircut, shampoo, manicure, bath, meal, bed, and suit of clothes absolutely free in Chicago?

Of course, no one would ever think of trying to get all those things free if he had money enough to pay for them. But you could do it if you were placed in a position where it became absolutely necessary.

To get the most for your lack of money you should be ragged, unkempt, hungry, and absolutely penniless. In fact, these are the chief requirements for admission to the places where all this bounty is dispensed.

This doesn't mean that a man can live indefinitely without doing any work, nor does it mean that the meals he gets will consist of choice steaks and other delicacies. On the contrary, the object of the city and other institutions which make these things possible is to give the "down and outer" a chance to go to work and earn enough to support himself.

Most of the men who come to Chicago in destitute circumstances do so in the expectation of finding work, but everybody knows that a ragged, unshaven, dirty, and hungry person stands a mighty poor chance of getting any kind of a job. So, naturally, the first thing such a man thinks about is something to eat and a place to sleep. Then, if he has a spark of manhood in him, he will look around for some way of improving his personal appearance.

* *

Think "World Owes 'Em Living."

There are several places where he can get a free bed, free bath, and free meal. Perhaps the municipal lodging house, 160 North Union street, would appeal most strongly to a down and out stranger because it is under the jurisdiction of the city.

Every night the municipal lodging house furnishes free beds and baths to 186 homeless men. Many more than that can be accommodated, but only 186 can have beds. The rest must sleep on the floor. Furthermore it is absolutely necessary for any one who sleeps in a bed to take a bath. If he is unwilling to undergo such an ordeal he must bunk on the floor with the other unfortunates.

During the winter months and in stormy weather, when conditions are such as to make sleeping outdoors in the parks impossible, the municipal lodging house is taxed to its capacity. In the morning each lodger is given a breakfast of coffee and bread, after which he is expected to help put the house in order. That is the only pay exacted for his lodging, bath, and breakfast. Then he is free to do as he likes.

Strange as it may seem, some hoboes have a sense of pride that will not let them accept aid from charitable institutions. That's why they patronize the municipal lodging house, which they feel somehow owes them lodging and meals. But the man who has no such scruples can take his choice of several places where free beds, free baths, and free meals may be had for the asking.

* *

League Requires Some Work.

One of the most popular charitable institutions in Chicago is the Christian Industrial league, located at 12 East Twelfth street. There Mr. Hobo can obtain not only a bed, meals, and bath, but clothes, all absolutely free. The only semblance of pay required is that the recipient do a little work repairing furniture and other household articles which are donated to the institution. It is on the sale of these things that the league depends for partial maintenance.

Assuming that our "down and outer" has had a good night's sleep, a bath, and breakfast, and that he has been fitted out with a suit of clothes which will give him a presentable appearance, the next logical place for him to visit is a barber shop. But he hasn't any money, so that is out of the question. He doesn't have to worry long about that, however, before one of his fellow unfortunates hands him a ticket that will admit him to one of the barber schools in Wabash avenue.

Arriving there, he finds fifty other men, all as unkempt as he is, awaiting their turns. In the eighty-seven chairs with which the place is equipped are that many more men in various stages of being shaved, having their hair trimmed, shampooed, etc. When our subject's number is called it requires only a glance from the student barber to know that he needs everything included in the tonsorial bill of fare. After he gets out of the chair an hour and a half later he has had a hair cut, shave, shampoo, face massage, hair singe, hair tonic, hot towels, and all the other "trimmings" it is possible to obtain in any first class barber shop.

* *

Free Shaves Average 1,300 Daily.

In addition, he has been told a few things by the barber, one of which is that the ticket he holds entitles him to come to the school as often as he wants to. He learns that the shop is open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. each day except Sunday and that an average of 1,300 men are given free shaves every day. In addition to hot towels, each "free customer" is given an antiseptic face wash, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that every instrument the barber uses has been thoroughly sterilized. That is something which cannot be said of many high priced barber shops, where the bill for a shave, haircut, shampoo, hair singe, and massage would total $1.50, exclusive of the tip.

Mr. Down and Outer now feels for all the world like a plutocrat, except that he is minus the really unessential roll of bills such gentry are commonly supposed to carry. But a little thing like that does not prevent him from putting the finishing touch to an otherwise perfect toilet, and he sagnters jauntily out in search of a school for manicurists, where the barber has told him he can have his nails trimmed and polished free of cost. It is an easy matter to find such a place, and when he comes forth half an hour later he is thoroughly equipped, at least as far as appearance goes, for the task of job seeking.

If he should be unsuccessful the first day he may repeat the same program the next and succeeding days, obtaining a free bed, free bath, free meal, free barber shop service, and free manicuring.

In fact, it is possible to get almost everything free in Chicago, except money, and there are known instances where even such an "unnecessary" commodity has been furnished destitute men in addition to the other things mentioned.

Photographed in a Mummy Case!

WHY not try one of these neat, nobby mummy cases in which to have your picture taken? They are the latest thing. You just crawl in where the mummy lived and stick your face through the nice, ornamental hole in the lid and the photographer says, "Please smile a little more—like a mummy," and there you are!

In a short time every studio will have its mummy case. All the modish women are arking for them. The cases come from Egypt, where mummies were invented and brought to perfection. Some of the cases are handsome. They are shaped to fit the mummy, and the lid has a molded face that is supposed to be a portrait of the person inside. The portraits have peculiar beauty because of the gilded eyeballs, the sky blue lips and other features, more beautiful than nature.

In the newest photographic fad, which, by the way, comes to us from London, the sitter is taken with his or her face showing in the place where the mummy's gilt and sky blue visage has reposed for a thousand or more years. In case the sitter doesn't fancy the secondhandedness of the mummy case, the photographer can have a pasteboard imitation of the box made and use that in place of the genuine. In the photograph this looks quite neat and fashionable.

She Now Scrubs Floors; Once a Social Queen.

Therese as a Drawing Room Favorite. | Father Gambles Away Fortune. | Father Dies. | Left Alone—Penniless. | Goes to Work in Establishment Where Her Friends Enjoy Life.

How Courageous and Beautiful Therese Acosta de Moscoso, Niece of a Duchess, Met the Slap Fate Meted Out to Her When Her Father Gambled Away Fortune.

POVERTY has a habit of respecting no lineage. Titles and social position are never too high for it to reach, and suddenly, too. In the case of Therese Acosta de Moscoso of Madrid, poverty not only reached her but it dragged her down to a penniless state and forced her to become a workwoman, a scrubber of floors, a sweeper, a chambermaid. And Señorita Therese has titled blood in her veins. She is the niece of the Duchess de San Lucan la Mayer.

But now noble blood does Señorita Therese little good. She is poor. She must work for a living, and so, on the rolls of the Hotel Prado, just opposite the famous museum in Madrid, she is listed as a chambermaid and woman of all work. It is her duty to see that the rooms are tidied and swept, that the beds are made up, and if necessity should arise, she might be compelled to scrub the floors.

The cause of it all was love, a generation removed. Señorita Therese's father was the late Gen. Acosta. The general had money, plenty of it, and when he saw a pretty shopgirl whose nature, whose face, and whose form appealed to him he fell in love with her. He wooed her as only a Spaniard can woo—and he won. But there came family objections. Shortly after the general's marriage he was cast out by his family.

* *

Death of Wife Brings Change.

That made little difference as long as life was young and love was fulsome. But there came a time when the wife died, and when again that longing to be the factor of those who bore his name entered his heart. He knew that it was impossible to be taken back into the family. And, too, he had too much pride to make the request. So he began to worry, to become morbid, and to seek nearly anything that would take his mind from his troubles.

The passion adopted was gambling. Plunge after plunge did the general make, losing himself in the excitement of the gaming table, seeking always when he won to play for higher, greater stakes, endeavoring, when he lost, by higher bets to recuperate his fortunes. But the luck of the table was against him. Not long ago he died, and when the estate was looked into there was hardly enough to pay the debts.

Then it was that Señorita Therese saw that she must earn her own living in the world. She had been taught none of the things which the girl of today who plans to make her living is proficient in. She knew nothing of the ways of the world, and so she went to the first place she thought of, the Prado, and asked for a position as chambermaid.

And was the Prado glad to see her? It would have gladly paid just for the use of her name as an advertisement, but of course poor, lonely, poverty stricken Señorita Therese didn't know this. She was glad of the chance to get work whereby she could live.

* *

Royalty Will Wait on Royalty.

And so Señorita Therese, of noble blood, is now a chambermaid. And as such she perhaps will be forced to wait on those of her own blood, take care of their rooms, and appear before them in a menial position. The Prado is the great hotel of Madrid. There royalty is often entertained, ambassadors come and go, princes and princesses stop in for luncheon and for tea, and many persons of the nobility make their home in the great "palace," as it is called. Some of these belong to the same family from which Señorita Therese comes. She may be compelled to take care of their rooms.

But she will do it. Señorita Therese has seen all of absolute poverty that she cares to. Since her father's death she has been at times without food. She knows what it means to suffer. She has decided that she would rather work and live than be idle and starve.

But how long she will remain at the Prado is a question. There are still those of the nobility who would do as Señorita Therese's father did, should they find the girl they loved. The señorita is lovable. Decidedly Spanish in type, dark eyed and dark haired, she is extremely prepossessing, and in her costume she is always neat and good to look upon. It is possible, you know, that some one of the many persons of noble lineage may see the señorita, sympathize with her, fall in love with her and carry her away to a castle of her own, where she may rule and be happy. Such things have happened, you know, outside the story books.

Woman's Brain "Greater" Than Man's

By PROF. L. MANOUVRIER.
[Eminent French Anthropologist.]

A FEW years ago it was commonly thought that the brain of man was much larger than the brain of woman. It has now been found, however, that, in proportion to the size of her body, woman has a larger brain. Woman's brain weight is to man's as 90 is to 100; but then woman's body weight is to man's as only 83 to 100. I go even further than this and estimate that the active organic mass of woman's body is to that of man's as, at most, 70 is to 100.

Thus it looks as if woman has, in proportion to her body weight, a little more brain weight than man. She is also more hairless and more delicately built. In short, she is a child of a larger growth, and she can congratulate herself on this fact. Her superiority in comparative brain mass, however, implies no intellectual superiority, but is merely a characteristic of short people and children.

On the other hand, there seems to be no reason for the belief that women are naturally slightly less intelligent than men. Many of the differences between the adult sexes of civilized communities are due to differences in education. By education we do not mean only mental training but mainly muscular education, bearing on the individual development of the nervous organization.

Man undoubtedly possesses some natural advantages over woman. He is stronger in body, for instance, while the woman is stronger in constitution. This fact has determined the natural division of labor between the sexes. From the beginning man has been the fighting animal and woman the domesticating force. Woman has made the home and man has guarded it. Man has invented the weapons of human supremacy over the wild beast; woman has discovered the means of turning plants into food. Man has generally undertaken the work requiring great effort exerted suddenly and for a short space of time; woman has done most of the hard drudgery of existence.

In appearance a woman of a savage type is the most oppressed creature on the earth. She can still be seen among the lower hunters, trudging along, carrying a hundred pounds of household utensils, with often her last born child slung behind her back or straddling over her shoulders. She will walk like this for twenty miles a day.

On the whole, the adult male diverges to a greater extent from the infantine type than the adult female. From this it has sometimes been concluded that woman is only "undeveloped man." This is a misleading statement, if understood to mean that woman is inferior to man as he is at present. It would be truer to say that woman is higher in the line of evolution than man. Like the child, but in a less degree, she is the undeveloped man of the future. Practically all adult males represent only a blind alley lying off the open lines of development. They are finished and finite products, while the child—and the woman in so far as she resembles the child—are indicative of further growth.

Man, in short, is the instrument of the present; the child is the promise of the future. Woman stands midway between them, partly an instrument of the present and partly indicative of human evolution. Already the large headed, delicate faced, small boned man of urban civilization has developed away from the savage adult and approached to the physical structure of the woman.

Bringing the Dead Back to Life Realized.

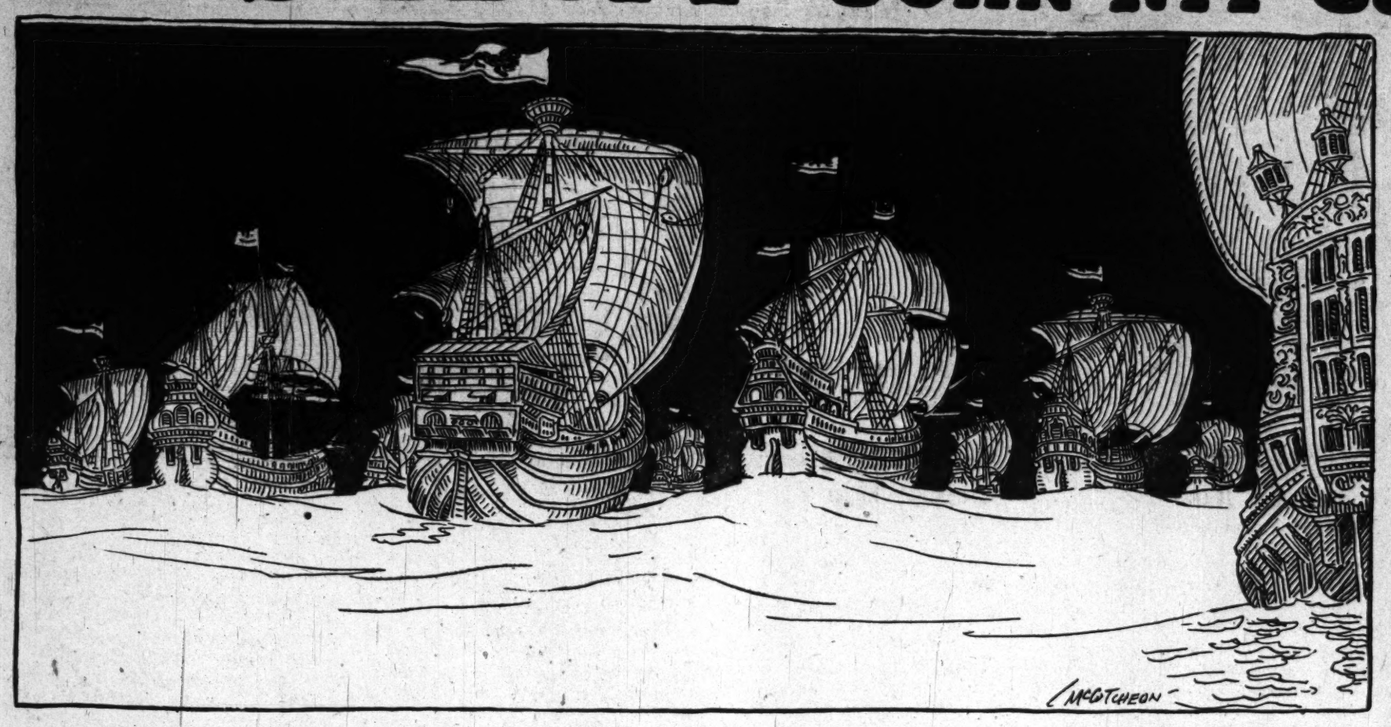
THE Japanese have to their credit a system of resuscitation by which they have been able on numerous occasions to bring back to life persons who appeared to be dead. Drowning cases in particular are handled by the Japanese with excellent results. The principal means for this work is a concussion of the seventh cervical vertebra. The attention of many famous scientific men have been attracted by the wonderful skill of the Japanese in this art.

The Japanese system of resuscitation is a by-product of the jiu jitsu system. The jiu jitsu attack consists in striking the body in one or another of its most sensitive parts in such a way as to cause by reflex a slowing of the heart action or perhaps its stoppage. In searching for vulnerable spots and methods of attack methods were discovered by which the reverse results could be secured, an acceleration of the heart action.

Dr. Albert Abrams, a British physician, has employed the concussive method on the vertebra of a patient who was dying with pneumonia. The heart was repeatedly stimulated to renewed action by placing the fingers of one hand against the seventh vertebra and striking upon these fingers with the other hand a series of short, vigorous blows. The patient recovered.

Kuliabko once by artificial percussion caused marked contractions of the whole heart of a rabbit that had been dead five days. He also revived the heart action of a 4 months old child who had been dead twenty-four hours.

MORGAN'S BLUFF BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



WE had heard a good deal about the the wreckers who live on the remote islands of the Bahamas. They are said to be descendants of the old time pirates and are now supposed to be engaged in a determined effort to live up to the inglorious traditions of their ancestors.

A few years ago a band of Rum Vey wreckers attempted to loot a pleasure craft in distress and were so savage in their attack that a lot of them were apprehended and punished.

Even more recently a ship went ashore at Abaco on a Sunday while most of the wreckers were at church. The parson hastily dismissed his congregation, upon hearing the glad news, and about 300 pious wreckers at once made for the stricken ship. When they arrived the captain of the ship threw coins overboard and soon had the wreckers diving for them, thus giving him time to save his nautical instruments before the swarms of hungry wreckers came aboard.

In consequence of the questionable character of the natives, we hardly knew what to expect when a wave dropped us on the coral beach at Andros island and a throng of natives swarmed about us. We were wrecks, each of us, and fit subjects for wreckers, for we had been caught in a storm while trying to cross the Tongue of the Ocean in a little gasoline launch, and for five hours had been tossed and plunged by the fury of the wind and sea. An open launch is not an ideal boat in which to attempt a voyage across forty miles of the treacherous waters of the West Indies, and there were many times when it seemed more than likely that the voyage would terminate far from land. Even in those hours of anxiety one could not help pitying the poor pirates who used to cruise

about in small boats along these selfsame stretches of sea.

As we neared Andros island the question of our reception became a matter of importance, second only to the enjoyable fact that we were escaping the storm. We knew nothing of Andros island except that it was large and mysterious, with many parts unexplored, and that it was one of the few inhabited islands of the 3,400 that constitute the Bahama group. Furthermore, we had read that these inhabitants, because of their isolation, were supposed to have reverted back to African savagery.

We were now to learn at first hand the truth or falseness of these stories, for there we were, drenched, chilled, and bedraggled, surrounded by excited blacks. A moment later we were pleasantly surprised to find ourselves greeted with friendliness. If they were wreckers they seemed to be nice ones. We felt much as Columbus must have felt when he found the natives of San Salvador so friendly, and I'm sure that if we had been ancient explorers we should have stuck a flag in the sand and christened the spot Cape Delivery or Cape Gracias a Dios in token of our gratitude. But we were not ancient explorers and besides the spot was already sufficiently and satisfactorily named.

From the natives we learned that we had arrived at Mastic point, so-called because of the mastic wood that grows thereabouts. A majestic row of palm trees fringed the beach at this point, and a number of white plastered coral houses gave a pleasant air of cleanliness and prosperity to the place.

Scarcely were we safely ashore when a

brisk and friendly white man appeared from somewhere and welcomed us to Mastic point. He was the trader whose house was the nucleus of the little settlement and about whom all the affairs of the district revolved. His name was Smith, not an original name as names go, but we soon discovered that he was a most remarkable man. He was the autocrat and sovereign of that part of the island. He administered a paternal form of government—a benevolent autocracy which seemed to work beautifully. Everybody was happy, good natured, and as prosperous as the simple necessities of island life demanded.

After welcoming us and expressing his amazement that we had crossed the reef, he gave orders to have our waterlogged belongings unloaded, and then he led the way to his little white verandaed plaster house. Here we were given dry clothes, somewhat doubtful in fit, but crisp and clean and most delightful after the dripping things we had been wearing.

His wife was a tall, soft eyed Nassau girl, with a gentleness of manner that was charming. In their house there were many evidences of an intelligent and discriminating literary taste, and it was hard to imagine such an ideally constituted establishment in such a remote byway as lonely Andros island.

One could not help being reminded of life on the little south Pacific islands, where the traders are the only white men and where their word is law among the simple islanders. In the south seas the traders dealt in copra and pearl shell; here the trader dealt in sponges. Native sponge fishermen go out for weeks at a time, and when their little sloops are filled they come in and unload the cargo in Mr. Smith's warehouse, where the sponges are sorted and prepared for shipment to Nassau. There are seventy-two classes of sponges, the classification depending upon size and quality. I think the trader said there were seventy-two grades or that there were seventy-two native boats that brought in the sponges. However, it is not important, for I was more concerned in pirates than in sponges. It would be an anti-climax to go on pirate research and come back with nothing but sponge statistics. So when night fell and we were seated on the shadowy veranda of his house the conversation was turned to the subject of pirates.

Out beyond the little stretch of lawn, with its three or four upturned boats, lay the lagoon, while from farther out came the Niagara like roar of the reef. In the foreground, standing like sentinels against the sky, were the stately palm trees that waved restlessly back and forth. The setting was ideal for pirate stories.

Very little imagination was required to see again the swift sloops of the pirates bearing in toward the lagoon, where there was safety from the sea and security from pursuit. Any pursuer who did not know how to strike the channel through the reef would meet certain disaster.

"In the old days this island was a favorite refuge of the pirates," said the trader. "Ten miles north of here is Morgan's bluff, probably named after Sir Henry Morgan, one of the most famous of the seventeenth century pirates. When once under the lee of the bluff their vessels were safe from the 'northers,' and the pirates were in a good position to attack the Spanish merchantmen which sometimes came through the Bahama channel bound for Spain. There are several caves near the bluff——"

"Caves?" said I, sitting up.

"Yes, there are some caves up there, but I've never heard of anything being found in them. I doubt whether they've even been explored. Beyond the bluff——"

"How do you reach the caves?" I asked.

"Well, it's two miles to Pirate point, about three across the cove to Cocoanut point, another mile to Nichollstown, and about four miles beyond Nichollstown is Morgan's bluff. Somebody up there would probably know exactly where the caves are."

I made a mental resolve to explore those caves the next day.

"The pirates used to run in through the channel up at Pirate point, sail up inside the lagoon past where Nichollstown now is, and anchor under the lee of the bluff. Then in later years, after the pirates had been pretty well cleaned out, this used to be a favorite haunt of wreckers and blockade runners during your civil war."

It was thrilling to sit there on that shadowy porch, with the booming of the barrier reef out across the waters, and discourse in terms so attractive as these. Pirates and wreckers and blockade runners! Caves and lagoons and Morgan's bluff! It was worth floundering over a dangerous reef just to hear these romantic terms roll out. Perhaps the great Blackbeard had often stolen in through the channel and held high revelry on the beach nearby. It certainly would bear investigating.

Until late at night we sat up listening to tales of pirates.

"Over near Georgetown, on Exuma island," continued the trader, "there was a famous spot called the Settling Hole, where the pirates used to careen their ships and divide their plunder. Then when everything was in shipshape they would sail out for new raids on the Spanish treasure ships, which often sailed up just south of Andros island and not so far from Morgan's bluff."

In the old days there were two fleets sent from Spain each year, one for Cartagena and Porto Bello (Colon), and the other for New Spain (Mexico). The latter sailed in the early summer to avoid the hurricane season in the Mexican gulf. This fleet was called the flota and was commanded by an admiral. The other fleet was called the gallones (galleons), and sailed from Spain in January or February. The galleons generally consisted of six or eight war vessels, carrying fifty or so guns, some smaller and faster boats, and often as many as forty merchantmen.

The course of the galleons from Spain was southwest to Teneriffe and thence to the Grand Canary to call for provisions. At this

point a small fast "patache" was sent on alone with dispatches and the announcement that the fleet was coming. Following this came the great fleet, which entered the Caribbean through the Galleons' passage, near Trinidad, and distributed itself to the various ports where it collected its rich cargos of silver, cochineal, leather, and cocoa. Sixty days was the usual length of time for the voyage. At Cartagena on the Spanish main the galleons remained until they had loaded the gold and emeralds of New Grenada, the pearls of Margarita, and the indigo, tobacco, cocoa, and other products of the Venezuelan coast.

Meanwhile the viceroy of Peru sent from Lima an armada laden with treasure, while from Payta was dispatched the gold ship with gold from the province of Quito. These rich treasures were transported across Panama on mule back to Porto Bello, on the Caribbean side. Even in those days the project of a canal across Panama was proposed to the councils in Spain, but the matter was postponed till manana.

In Porto Bello each year they held a great fair. The wealth that was dealt in was staggering. It was no uncommon thing to see two hundred mules laden with silver bars arrive from Panama, and it is stated as a fact that during the fair, which was supposed to be open for forty days, the volume of business transacted reached as high as one hundred and fifty to two hundred million dollars.

From Porto Bello the fleets, now loaded with this immense treasure, sailed first to Cartagena in the Spanish main, thence to the Isle of Pines, and thence through the Yucatan passage to Havana. From Cuba the course for Spain was through the Bahama channel, just south of Andros island and on past the Bermudas to the Azores.

It was this rich commerce that the pirates and buccaneers regarded as their legitimate prey. They scoured the coast of the Spanish main, lurked in the Yucatan passage and hovered about the Florida straits and the Bahama channel, ready to snap up any unfortunate galleon which had gotten separated from the fleet. When the pirates had gobbled up one of the treasure ships they would scurry off to the shelter of the little islands and keys nearby and revel in their plunder.

Perhaps under these pleasing circumstances they might have sailed in to Morgan's bluff to divide their loot and it was an agreeable hypothesis that they might accidentally have left a chest or two of doubloons in one of the caves at the bluff.

I decided to journey thither and see.

That night as I rocked gently to and fro in a hammock on the porch of the trader's house, I fell asleep with many pleasant visions of the morrow's expedition.

Sometime in the night I was awakened by fierce gusts of rain beating down upon me. The wind was blowing hard and it had an ominous sound as it droned through the palm trees. Against the lowering sky I could see the fronds of the palms waving and whipping in the wind. From seaward came the steady roar of the waves breaking on the reef. The stage was set for a hurricane.

The next morning a terrific wind was blowing from the northwest. Even the lagoon, sheltered by Morgan's bluff, was angry and choppy, while out beyond the barrier reef the horizon was heaving and ragged with mighty billows. The prospects looked dark for the expedition to the pirates' caves at Morgan's bluff.

It had been arranged with the captain of our yacht, the Heather, that if we did not return within two days he should search for us along the coast of Andros Island. By that time our food would be gone, our water perhaps gone, and we should be in real distress unless relieved. Today was the day he was to come to the relief, but as we looked out over the wild sea there seemed no likelihood that he would dare venture out of the harbor at Nassau. The only justification he could have in so doing would be his belief that we were in distress and urgently needed help. It had been the understanding that we were to try to get back the day before on the gasoline launch and when we failed to arrive in consequence of the sudden storm on the Tongue of the Ocean the captain was much worried. He had no means of knowing what we had undergone or whether we were safe or not, so under these conditions he felt that he must make an effort to determine what had happened to us. He dreaded the thought that we might have been caught in the storm while crossing the day before, for he doubted the ability of the little launch to weather such seas as had been running.

There is no telegraphic communication between Andros island and Nassau. Once every week or two a little schooner, manned by blacks, makes the run across with the mail and a miscellaneous cargo. Consequently we didn't know what the captain thought and he didn't know what we thought. We doubted if he would venture out in a storm like this, but we determined to wait and see.

If he came we would have to be ready to go aboard the best way we could, for in such weather the yacht could not safely heave to or anchor out beyond the reef. So the expedition to the caves was given up and the golden treasure, if it lies there, is still undisturbed in its dust and cobwebs.

By 2 o'clock in the afternoon the wind fell and the sea began to go down. There seemed to be a prospect of a moderate sea

later in the evening, but there seemed to be no prospect of the arrival of the Heather. We decided the captain had given up the idea of venturing forth in the storm and that discretion held him within the security of Nassau harbor.

As the sea went down there came a rumor that the mail schooner would try to cross that night, so after definitely giving up the hope of the Heather's arrival we arranged to go back on the schooner.

The gasoline launch was loaded on board and at 3 o'clock we climbed up on the cluttered deck of the untidy craft. Firewood was heaped up in places, cargo was piled on wherever it was secure, two or three pigs ambled back and forth among crates of chickens, and heaps of cordage were coiled in all inconvenient places. There was only one little cabin and that was crowded with natives, Except for ourselves there were no other white persons on board.

Thus we sailed from Mastic point, beating down the lagoon for Nichollstown and the channel through the reef. And it was then that we saw, far out to sea, the pitching and rolling speck that we soon knew to be the Heather.

As she came nearer, plunging wildly, we signaled her. The schooner's flag was dipped but it served only to awaken anxiety on board the Heather. The captain construed it to mean that some one was lost and that the flag was being half masted in token of disaster.

With his glasses he finally picked out two of us and decided that the third had been lost in the storm and it was not until an hour

later, when we could reach a channel through which to send a boat, that the truth of the situation was revealed to him.

He had had a terrible time crossing. The yacht was battered by seas that terrified everybody on board, and, as he afterward said, nothing less than a fear that we were in actual distress had impelled him to make the attempt to rescue us. As the Heather left Nassau harbor the people on shore looked in amazement at what they considered a most foolhardy venture.

One of our party elected to leave the little native schooner and take refuge on the Heather. The other two remained on the schooner for the trip across to Nassau. We stretched out on deck and went to sleep with the sound of the helmsman's song as a lullaby and with the creaking shrouds and swaying masts outlined against the brilliant tropic sky.

At daybreak after a twelve hour voyage we tied up at the dock in Nassau harbor, very bedraggled and very hungry. The Heather was nowhere in sight. She had not returned from Andros and we were face to face with the necessity of going to a fashionable hotel looking like tramps.

What Is Your Pet Aversion?

ACCORDING to Dr. James R. Angell, professor of psychology at the University of Chicago, nearly every one has a "pet aversion."

"Even the elementary psychologist," said Dr. Angell, "recognizes the undoubted fact that every human being has an aversion to something. It may be a person, it may be an animal, or it may be the surroundings of an individual.

"These aversions that people have sometimes exert great influence. A president of the United States may have an inborn aversion to 'malefactors of great wealth,' as Mr. Roosevelt had, and in consequence great reform movements are started. People who know President Taft say that he cannot help feeling an aversion for radicals of any stripe, and this characteristic of his may explain some of his actions while chief executive.

"All through history we find instances of rulers and persons in power who have been influenced by prejudices and dislikes. Some were well founded and some were not. Henry VIII. and George III., among English rulers, were guided by the most absurd likes and dislikes. In American history Alexander Hamilton, John Quincy Adams, and W. H. Seward are shining examples of statesmen with 'pet aversions.' The English drama abounds with instances of aversions and their effect upon history. What was true in times past is true today. We all have our aversions, even if we hide them from our friends."

* *

Sickly Sentiment Dean Sumner's Aversion.

"My pet aversion is sickly sentimentality regarding questions of great public importance," said Dean Walter T. Sumner. "When I announced that no couples would be married at the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul without a doctor's certificate stating that they were free from disease, numbers of misguided sentimentalists arose and declared that such a rule took away all the romance of marriage. Such people are lacking in brains.

"We have hospitals for the sick, the insane, and those suffering from incurable diseases, but we are doing nothing to insure that children yet unborn shall have clean, healthful bodies. Considering that anybody and everybody is permitted to marry without a medical examination, is it any wonder that we have 3,000,000 abnormal people in public institutions, to say nothing of private hospitals? It costs the public $200,000,000 a year to take care of these people.

"If a man wants to sell shoestrings or bananas in the street, he must take a reputable citizen to the city hall to vouch for his responsibility. If he wants to get married he sticks his name through a wicket and the name of a similarly unknown woman, and they are allowed to marry and propagate, irrespective of what their past life has been.

* *

Fair Sex Wearies Col. Green.

"Yes," said Col. E. H. R. Green, son of Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world, "I must admit that by this time I have a great aversion for women who want to marry me. Ever since an eastern paper published the story that I was lonesome and looking for a wife I have been bombarded with proposals. This year I have been particularly pestered, because it is leap year, and a majority of the women who write proposing marriage say that if I don't accept them I must buy them a silk dress. Now, if I bought all the silk dresses, such an obligation would require not only my own but my mother's bank account would be sadly diminished.

"I suppose I have received an average of 200 letters a day proposing marriage in the last two years. Of course, my mail must be opened, but as soon as I see the signature of a woman I throw the letter in the wastebasket. Just think of the time I have spent in opening foolish missives! Many of the letters are scented, and if there is anything I abominate it is perfume of any sort. The scented letters I do not even look at, but burn up, if there is a grate fire handy.

"I know there are many admirable women in the world, but there are a vast number of foolish ones, too, and, considering my experience, do you wonder that I have come to have an aversion for the entire sex?"

* *

Miss Sears Despises Mollycoddles.

Eleanora Sears, society girl, sportswoman, and athlete, spent a few hours in Chicago the other day en route from a winter in California to her home in Boston. When asked if she had any particular aversion she replied promptly: "I certainly have, and you can probably guess what it is. My pet aversion is a man or woman who takes no interest in outdoor exercise and sport. In other words, I hate a mollycoddle.

"There are too many women in this country who are afraid to take part in sports for fear they will be described as mannish. How silly! Why shouldn't women enjoy outdoor life as well as men? From the newspaper stories which have been printed about me the public must think me a veritable amazon, when as a matter of fact I am only a girl who likes fun and outdoor sport.

"Try as I will, I cannot possibly feel at home in the company of people who have no appreciation of the joy of living in the open air. When I am with women who never go outdoors without a veil and whose idea of real sport is a game of croquet, I have a sense of suffocation and feel decidedly out of place. The hothouse type of femininity has no attraction for me, and as for men who know nothing of sport—I had better not express my opinion of them."

* *

Mrs. Young Dislikes "Knockers."

"Have I a pet aversion?" Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools, said in reply to the question. "I try not to have, but I must confess I particularly dislike the people who are always 'running down' Chicago. There are too many people in the city, grown-ups and children alike, who are constantly decrying the so-called bad features of our city, and are always oblivious to the many splendid institutions we have.

"Chicago has its faults, like any other city, but it also has much to be proud of. I would have less aversion to the company of some people if they would occasionally dwell upon some of our good features and have less to say about the bad. Chicago, of all places, should be a community of optimists. Think what has been accomplished here in half a century! Our children should be taught to admire what has been done, and be encouraged to believe that as much more can be done in the future.

"Every one has an aversion for pessimists, I believe, and certainly most Chicagoans dislike the people who can see no good in the city in which they reside and earn their livelihood."

* *

John Drew Dislikes Slovenliness.

"I'm sick of being called a human fashion-plate," said John Drew, "and I've never admitted that I set the styles in men's dress, but I do try to wear clothes that fit, that are well made, and of good material. It is easy for every man to do the same. It doesn't take money to be well dressed, but a man must have taste and discretion. He must give some attention to his wardrobe and must consider what styles are becoming to him.

"No one likes to see a red haired man with a red tie, and no one cares for a pygmy with padded shoulders. It is an old saying that clothes do not make the man, but it is certainly true that a man's apparel shows his taste, and I have always found that clothes are a pretty good index to a man's culture, even if they do not indicate his character.

"It is possible that the majority of people haven't the aversion for untidiness that I have, but there isn't a man living, no matter what his position, who can afford to neglect his personal appearance. If he is successful in slouchy clothes, he would be more so well groomed."

* *

Mrs. McCormick Despises Graft.

Mrs. Harold F. McCormick confesses that she has an aversion for citizens of Chicago who take no interest in municipal betterment.

"We must have more citizens who not only realize what our moral and civic conditions are," said Mrs. McCormick, "but who are also willing to work to help better them. As things are, the reforms are left to be accomplished by only a few. How can people live in a city and take no interest in its betterment?

"Think of the graft evil in Chicago. The misuse of funds which are intended for city uplift is a scandal, and retards our advance in all improved lines. Most of our citizens know what the conditions are, but they refuse to help in betterment movements.

"A citizen who takes no interest in the welfare of the municipality in which he lives is unworthy of respect. All right minded people must have an aversion for him."

* *

Amateur Composers Nikisch's Aversion.

"Have you a pet aversion?" was asked of Arthur Nikisch, one of the most famous orchestra leaders in the world.

"Have I?" responded the distinguished leader with emphasis. "I should say I have, and I'll tell you what it is. I abhor amateur composers, who hound me to death, asking me to listen to their puerile compositions. Here I am, all exhausted, suffering with a regular Chicago sore throat, and since I've been in your town I have been literally besieged by foolish persons who have been wasting their time in the composition of what they are pleased to call symphonies and concertos.

"They want me to listen while they sit down at the piano and play them through. Some of them have even asked me to accept copies for my orchestra and have my men rehearse their pieces. I think they must be crazy. They don't seem to realize that we have our hands full preparing programs for thirty-one concerts to be given in three weeks.

"I respect any one with talent, and I would be only too glad if I should have the honor to discover a new musical genius, but after years of experience I am forced to the conclusion that most of the persons who pester me with compositions could have used their time and talents to better advantage in laying bricks."

* *

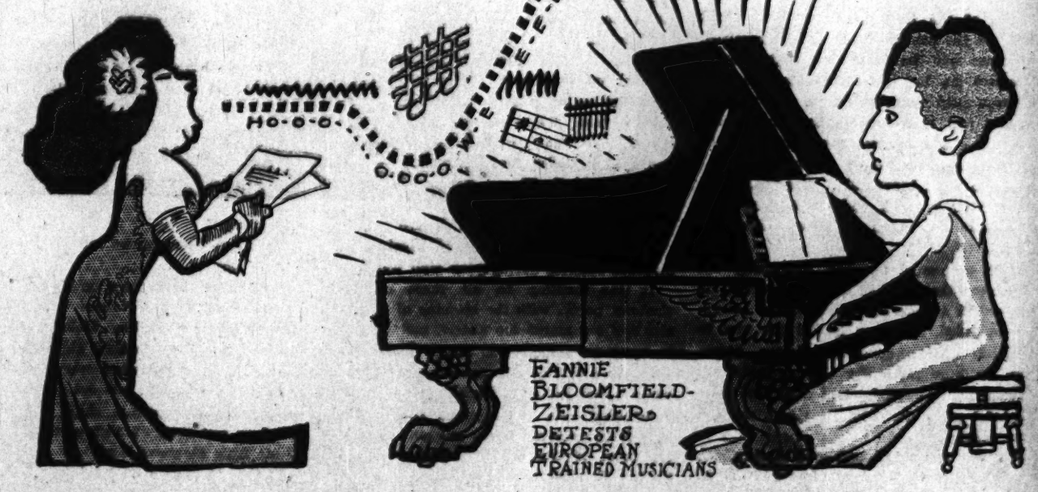
Mrs. Zeisler's Pet Aversion.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, the famous Chicago pianiste, who has just returned from a triumphal European tour, is outspoken in her expressions of aversion for Americans who think that foreign music teachers are superior to those in this country.

"There are good teachers abroad," said Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler, "but they are no better than many to be found in this country. There is no reason why any young American who wishes to study music should go abroad.

"Years ago it was necessary for students to go to Europe in order to hear the best music, but conditions are different now. We have in Chicago one of the best opera companies in the world and one of the best orchestras and during the season the greatest artists of Europe come here in recital. I can think of no European city which has more good music in season than Chicago.

"The people who praise conditions abroad are insincere, and that is why I have such an aversion for them. They are merely adopting a pose when they assert that Chicago is crude and raw as far as music goes. In their hearts they know that we have here one of the greatest music-loving communities in the world and some of the greatest artists. Their professed admiration for foreign atmosphere is merely an attitude. I don't often dispute their statements. What is the use? They know themselves that their assertions are contrary to fact."



Which Beauty Will Get Him? He (The Prince of Wales) has Been Sent to Paris to Study But—

Edward Albert, Prince of Wales
Photo-Underwood and Underwood

PARIS beauties are all a flutter. The handsome young military Prince of Wales, fresh from a naval college, is in their midst. He is to be a Parisian.

Now the question is, will he make as good a Parisian as his grandfather, King Edward, made?

It is true that King George sent his son to Paris to study and work—to complete his education.

Whether or not the young prince will find the pleasures of the great city more attractive yet remains to be seen. He already has attracted attention during his walks on the boulevards. Many beautiful singers have cast alluring eyes at him in the theaters. And the prince is young and full of the spirit of youth.

The keynote of Parisian life is la joie de la vie—the joy of living. The great capital and its people exist in the daytime and only begin to live at night. During the day the men and women do the things they have to do—go to work, tend to their households, carry on their business, profession, or studies, and then finis. You may be a prig or a pedant anywhere else, but in Paris to spend all your time working or studying is considered worse than bad—it is unpardonable.

Everybody in Paris and everybody who comes to Paris burns the midnight oil. They cannot do otherwise. Paris only commences to wake up at 10 o'clock and is only wide awake by 2 in the afternoon. It commences to live after 10 at night. People who retire at midnight talk about keeping early hours and do not apologise for visiting you at 2 and 3 in the morning.

* *

Where Will He Spend His Leisure?

The king and queen of England have taken every precaution to see that their young son shall know nothing of this life; if he burns the midnight oil it will be for his studies. He is to be so occupied with work and study that he shall know little of la joie de la vie which makes Paris attractive and beloved by foreigners as much as by the Parisians themselves.

But however anxious and careful King George and Queen Mary may be in this respect, they cannot keep the young prince from admiring the beautiful women who are as much a part of Parisian life as soot is in the life of the Londoner.

Eyes will wink, music will allure, Paris will beckon. Studies are confined to certain hours. After that time it is the joy of living. Princes cannot be expected to retire at 10 when the rest of the world is just dressing for the night's pleasures.

It is certain that the fair stage beauties will cast longing eyes on the Prince of Wales. It is true that he could not marry an actress, but he can shower his favors upon them, and that gives them the much sought publicity. Manuel had his fun in Paris—now comes another prince for the fray.

The question still remains how the young Prince of Wales will spend the other eighteen or nineteen hours a day outside of his studies. Like all the others who live in Paris, he is sure to be fascinated by French cafés and restaurants. It will take many months to know them all. If he goes about this study and pleasure as the real student does he will begin at the Halles and not with the more fashionable places on the grand boulevards. At the Halles he will see the market women before their stands and stalls calling their fine fruits and vegetables.

By 10 o'clock in the morning the streets are cleared and the women who have come to the Halles to shop are gone, but the market women gather in the small cafés, so small that they are hardly worth while to designate by this name, and here they buy a cup of coffee and a petit pain et beurre for 50 centimes, or a dime.

* *

Rendezvous for the Bohemians.

Among the larger boulevards of the Quartier Latin are the great brasseries, famous for their Munich beer and German dishes, where students sit late in the afternoon and until way after midnight on balmy evenings discussing some political affair or chatting with their grisettes.

The most famous of these, such as the Café Navarin, is the favorite rendezvous for well known journalists; others, like the Café des Varieties and the Taverne de la Capitale, are favorite gathering places for actors, painters, and musicians.

In this quarter are the Duval restaurants to be found every few blocks in Paris, famous for their cheap and good food. A few of these are scattered through the Quartier Latin, but they are more popular with shopkeepers, working people, and tourists than with the students of the quarter. In contrast to these dining places popular with all true bohemians are the more famous restaurants, in many instances made famous because of their prices.

Perhaps the most noted of these is the Restaurant la Pérouse, on the quay of the Seine, where savants, politicians, and many others less noted are willing to climb a long flight of narrow stairs to a number of small, low ceilinged dining rooms where excellent food is seen simmering on the serving tables placed at one side of the room. Burgundy so rare that it is well covered with dust and spider webs has just been brought up from cellars to delight the palates of these great epicureans.

Even more famous and exclusive is Père la Thuille in Montmartre, which has a great clientele without using any gilt and tinsel as an attraction. It holds its reputation for being restful, for its rare wines, and the cuisine, which is perfect.

* *

Marguery's Unique as Restaurant.

But to dine in Paris means to have eaten at Marguery's and Prunier's. Marguery's as a restaurant is unique. It is a magnificent establishment situated at the upper end of one of the grand boulevards. Everybody likes to dine here, because the dining rooms are large, the cooking is fine, and the wines are perfect. The prices are moderate if compared with the quality of the food and service. Everything can be had here, in and out of season, but the house has made its reputation on its filet of sole au vin blanc—filet of sole with white sauce—decorated with snails, and partridge and cabbage. It is enough to say that this restaurateur has been decorated by the French government in recognition of his skill.

While in Paris the young prince will be the guest of the Marquis and the Marquise de Breteuil. They are one of the old families who describe themselves as rallies. This means that, though they are not in open opposition to the republic, they would prefer a monarchy. The marquis is married to a daughter of that Commodore Garner of the New York Yacht club who was drowned while yachting in New York bay with his wife. At the death of Mr. Garner the value of his estate was given at $18,000,000. The whole sum was left to his three daughters, Marcellite, Edith, and Florence, who became the Marquise of Breteuil, Countess Leon de Moltke Hatfeldt, and Lady William Gordon Cumming respectively.

* *

King Edward Friend of Marquis.

King Edward, who was a great friend of the marquis and his charming American wife, often paid them visits in Paris, and promised that if his grandson ever came to Paris to study he should be their guest. They are great social leaders in Paris and entertain many of the best known French and American people. Foremost among the French politicians are Delcasse, Waldeck-Rousseau, and Paul Harjes. If the prince listens to their conversations attentively he will learn much about the trend of French politics and international law as it works out in real practice. The marquis and his wife include artists and writers among their circle, so he will have the pleasure of meeting and learning much about the work of Rodin, the sculptor; the painter and color etcher, Raffaelli, as well as Carolus Duran, Cotett, Henri Martin, and Holle, and to discuss poetry and drama with Rostand, Brieux, and dozens of men from the Institute.

Merode

Because of their prominent social position, and because of the prince's high rank, the Prince of Wales will have every opportunity to enjoy the company of savants. He, along with his host and hostess, will be invited to the public receptions at the Institute, where he will meet the scholars, scientists, writers, and play writers who are prouder of being immortals and having their red buttons than for what they have really accomplished.

* *

Will Classical Appeal to Prince?

When the prince wants amusement he will probably accompany the three sons of the marquis to the Odeon, which is one of the classical theaters of Paris. It is especially popular with the students of the Latin quarter. Here they will see some of Shakspeare's plays, those of Alfred de Musset, and the more classic ones of Brieux, the popular modern playwright. For variation they will be sent to the Academie Française, where they can see those classic plays of Racine and Corneille and the comedies of Molière to their hearts' content.

But the season will soon be over there, and then they may go to see the famous vaudevilles of Paris, such as the Folies Bergere, the Theatre Marigny, and the many others of like gayety which are plentiful along the Champs Elysées and in the Jardin de Paris.

There are a number of the popular beauties of Paris who make their appearance here from time to time. Among the best known of these is Elise de Vere. She has not much of a voice, but she is always given quite a part in the revues at the Theatre Marigny because she has a stately, tall, and graceful figure and is at her best seen in some delicate, gauzy Greek costume. She has soft, silky golden hair, coquettish eyes, and a small bow shaped mouth which would tempt any man, even though he be a prince.

* *

Favorites of Vaudeville Story.

Another of these vaudeville favorites and beauties is Germaine Gallois, who is known as a singer, dancer, and heart breaker. She has won and broken the hearts of a number of well known men, the most serious of her many love affairs being with the gallant sailor prince of the Hellenes and administrator of Crete. He divided his affection and attention between her and the Princess of Wales and ended by marrying neither. A few years ago there was a contest of all the professional beauties of Paris, and Paris awarded the prize to her.

Though La Belle Otero has been a beauty in Paris for many years, she continues to hold her own and has as many admirers as ever. She is admired because of her rich Spanish type of olive skin, deep dark eyes and jet black hair. Her figure is matchless for slender lines and grace. The French say that she is the best Spanish dancer in Paris, and it is hard to say how many hearts she has won and broken.

The story is well known that when King Edward was being entertained at the Paris Opera house Otero appeared in a box wearing her many priceless jewels. Before the performance was over she was asked to leave. Some said that her glances and jewels reminded the king of the time when he was infatuated with her beauty.

* *

Otero Admits of No Rival.

La Belle Otero says that she is without a rival. If there is any one it is Liane de Pougy, who is a beautiful brunette with an oval face, perfect features, and rich brown hair. She has captured many hearts, and was wooed and won by Prince Ghika, but though she is happy with him she might be tempted to accept some attention from a wealthy young prince.

Saharet is an Australian, but she spends much of her time between the Folies Bergere and the Theatre Marigny in Paris. All Paris is of the opinion that when she dances she is divine. They say that the melody and rhythm of her dancing are faultless.

Last but not least is Polaire, who is all the rage. She admits that her mouth is large, and she is terribly slender, but she has plenty of admirers because she has individuality and dresses and acts as she likes.

When the prince tires of these stage beauties he will get a chance to see something of gambling life at the Jockey club, where the marquis and his brother are well known frequenters. If he is in Paris during part of the summer he will go to Enghien, one of the fashionable places near Paris, famous as a gambling resort.

Racing weeks will attract his time and attention, as he is fond of horses. He probably will divide his time between Auteuil and Longchamps.

The climax to all this excitement will come with the steeplechase at Auteuil some time near the middle of June and the Grand Prix at Longchamps the week following. His host, the marquis, is a member of the racing club, so they will have a box in the clubhouse during the racing season. After the races there will be dinner parties in the Bois, at the Café Madrid, Armenville, and Pres Catalin. Here the prince will get a glimpse of fascinating, well dressed American girls. It will do him no good to fall in love with any of them, for he knows that a real prince can be infatuated but can never marry any one less than a princess.

As Seen In Their Dressing Rooms

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY PAUL THOMPSON NY

FAY TEMPLETON

GEORGE COHAN

LILLIAN RUSSELL

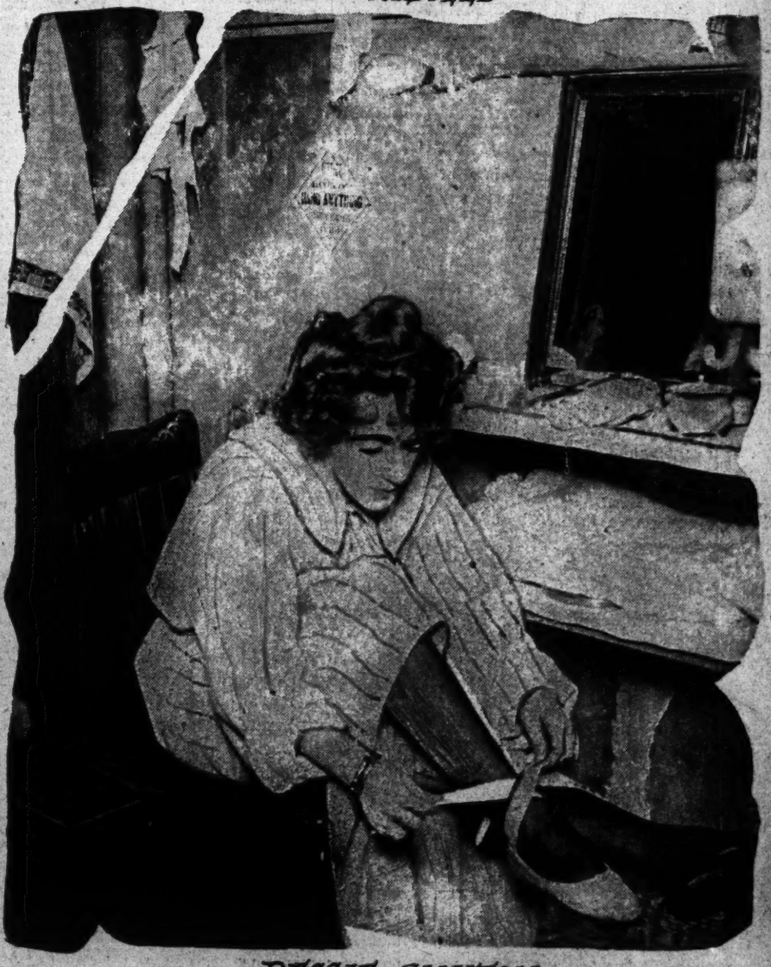
CHARLES RICHMAN

LEW FIELDS AND JOE WEBER

DAVID WARFIELD

MARIE DORO

GUY BATES POST



BESSIE CLAYTON

How To Treat Your Husband

By Laura Jean Libbey

OCCASIONALLY I get a letter asking me how to treat a husband.

How you should treat your husband deserves thoughtful consideration. You thought that the man whose love and protection you accepted was your ideal. If not quite your ideal, you were confident that he was plastic enough to be molded into your ideal. Either one of two things often happens: a woman either forgets the standards she had when her lover courted her, or if she undertakes this task she finds that he has a will of his own, often a temper, and his own ideas of what their married life should be.

Though girls are constantly talking about their ideals, only the few take time to know something about a man's views of life, and married life in particular, while they are being courted. If a girl is sensible enough to learn the strong qualities and the weaknesses of a young man when she is being won, she will be saved a great deal of trouble and get a great deal more happiness after she is married. If she has unwisely neglected this study, let her commence at once. To plant love in a right soil means to understand each other, to know each other's weaknesses and good qualities.

Many difficulties in married life can be blown away like a soft velvety cloud if a girl will only accept the right point of view about marriage. It means comradeship, nothing more nor less; you are there to be helpful to each other. If a woman wants love and consideration from her husband, she must be at his side to give him love and consideration, and be the first to offer it. Whatever a man's shortcomings are, it is unusual for him not to respond to a woman's good impulses.

Modern psychology teaches that we get the best results from people, as well as from children, by emphasizing their good qualities and not dwelling on their shortcomings any more than is necessary. Let me make this advice more practicable by an illustration.

Suppose you are married to a man with a temper, which he has not always under as good control as he might have. You will not help him to overcome it by showing that you have a temper or dwelling on his fault. A far better plan is to emphasize his generosity or some other good quality that he has.

If he is the right kind of a man he will respond to her feeling of appreciation, and his love will be so alive that he will be ashamed of his temper and try to check it.

* *

Self-Control Important Step.

If you find that you cannot help him in that way, then sit down some evening when you have your own temper under the best of control and he is in a cheerful mood and speak out your mind. Let him understand that this continual outburst of temper does not result in happiness to either, and that the highest self-control for both is the first step in founding a joyful home.

There are plenty of men and women who have splendid self-control and are still unhappy because they do not understand the full meaning of companionship. To be a real companion means taking an interest in a man's work and pleasures. A woman can show her husband genuine affection, tell him good-by with a kiss when he goes to work, and when he returns home, and still fall short of doing her duty if she does not take an interest in his work.

If she wants to be really happy with her husband she must let him feel that she is ever ready to listen to his business plans and to share any disappointment that comes in his business life. His business is her business, and though she is only a silent partner, she is a strong partner, as willing to make any sacrifice that may be needed for the making of his success. She will let him feel that there can be no such thing as failure so long as she is near him to give him new hope and courage.

A woman is not worthy of the name of wife unless she is willing to help her husband fight any failure, business or otherwise, that may come into their lives. On the other hand, when success comes to him she will let him know that she rejoices and appreciates it no less than had she fought for it and won it herself. If she does her duty and is a real helpmate she has done as much as he in the winning of his success, and if her husband is the man she thinks he is he will certainly make her feel that she is a partner in his successes.

By being proud I mean far more than moving into a larger home, investing in autocars, getting many new gowns and finery. Rather to make him feel that he has worked for and won his successes honestly; to let him know that she is as proud of his achievements as if he had won fame as a painter, sculptor, or as a writer.

* *

Pouting and Weeping Aggravate.

I am not trying to paint such a picture as Chaucer has painted in his portrait of the fair Grizelda, that she is to be patient at all times and under all circumstances. When a sensible woman has something that she feels she must say, let her say it, but she must not think she is going to better conditions or make a man see his faults by pouting and weeping. This may be excused at times in a child, but it is certainly unworthy of a woman.

If you want to be happy in your married life, and I know that you all do, you must learn certain things, and the sooner you learn them the happier you will be and the more contented you will make those about you. Love is the impelling force that draws men and women together. Most men marry because they want a cheerful home, a happy wife, and laughing children. They want a home, with all this word implies. It should be cheerful, have plenty of sunshine and fresh air, and be as cozy as it can be made by two willing and gentle hands. Every man's heart responds to the wife who makes his home attractive for him.

To such a man marriage is a perpetual joy. It cannot possibly be a regret. He has a purpose in life; however hard be the game, it is worth fighting for. He works, toils, struggles, and sometimes meets failure, but he does not lose courage, because the battle is worth fighting. But to the man who lets himself in with a latchkey and goes alone to his table, however perfect the appointments are and though the richest viands are set before him, all is a disappointment and the dinner is not worth the eating. The sting becomes the more biting if word be sent to him that his wife is in her boudoir, making her toilet for the theater or a ball, and that he can drop in for a few minutes from his club if he has the leisure.

The sensible woman knows that the best way to make her home attractive and cheerful is by keeping the little difficulties and worries to herself. She does not awaken in the morning and fret because one of her maids is going to leave. She knows that a more sensible way is to get up and find another maid. She does not make herself and all those about her miserable because she has a bad headache. If it is possible, she gets up and goes out into the fresh air, trying to forget her aches in a brisk walk in the sunshine.

* *

Worry Most Useless Dissipation.

Many a good woman wears herself and family out by worrying uselessly. She never stops to think that many more evils happen in her imagination than ever come to pass in life.

The highest plane on which a man and woman can stand is to be "on the square" at all times. Love excuses shortcomings, and often shortcomings of a serious nature, but it cannot forgive deceit. Sincerity is the dew of love; it keeps its blossoms fresh and tender. The woman who expects her husband to be honest with her must be equally honest with him. Yes, honest even in the smallest matters.

She will get her real happiness in pleasing him before all others, and she will feel more pleasure if he admires something she wears than in being the belle of the smartest ball of the season.

She will make it her business to find out what they can afford, and she will enjoy the things that their income permits. Likewise she will exact the same from him. She is his wife and life partner and has the right to expect her own allowance, so that she need not coax for weekly pin money. If a man's income is small or times are hard, the sensible woman wears a hat a second season and renovates her last year's gown.

On the other hand, if good fortune is theirs, she makes it her business to dress as well and keep herself as attractive for him as she can. She remembers the time when they were courting how much thought she gave to the question whether John would like her best in pink or blue and if a large picture hat was really becoming to her.

Every girl should be taught by her mother that it is as important to consider these questions and look as well after she is married as in the courting days. If a man is led to believe that he has married the sweetest, neatest girl in the world, a woman should aim to keep up that impression. He should not be disillusioned by seeing the parlor where company is welcomed all spick and span and the bedroom all topsy turvy. A woman is doing a greater injustice to herself and to her husband if she puts plenty of time on her toilet when they are going out or expecting company, but allows him to find her in a negligee every evening when he comes home.

A pleasant home and an attractive, sensible woman go a great way to making a man the ideal husband every woman expects the man who loves her to be. But to make the difficult moments easy she must have a saving grace of humor. Blessed is the woman who has this sense by nature, and if she lacks it she should make haste and cultivate it.

* *

Humor Necessary to Happiness.

Humor is to the home what comedy is to a play; both need a certain amount of fun and relaxation. The man who likes a joke and his share of fun is ill mated if his wife is without a sense of humor. Such a man feels that he is being treated unfairly when a woman accepts his jokes as sarcasm and has not a saving grace of humor. The best of jokers cannot see the point of having his jokes met with a flood of tears.

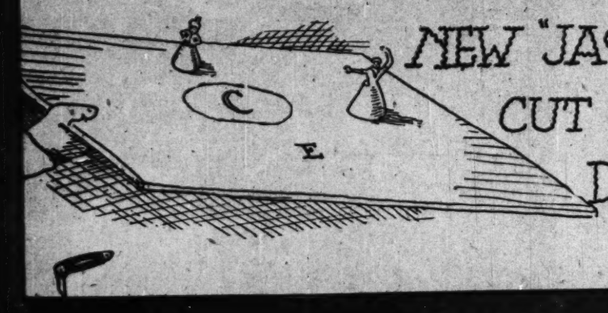
A no less dangerous shoal is where husband and wife have no interests in common. How often we hear some women say, "Yes, I love my husband, love him more than any other person in the world. There is only one thing lacking to make our happiness complete, we have few tastes in common."

If that is the only thing lacking it is easily corrected. If she recalls the time when her husband was courting her, she may remember some unattractive place they walked together which she then found beautiful because of the happy, interesting conversation they had together. She will also remember that she skated until she was so cold that her hands and feet were fairly numb, still she glided on without a word of complaint because she knew that her lover enjoyed it. Certainly no woman wants to drop all these little sacrifices, if sacrifices they really be, just because she is married.

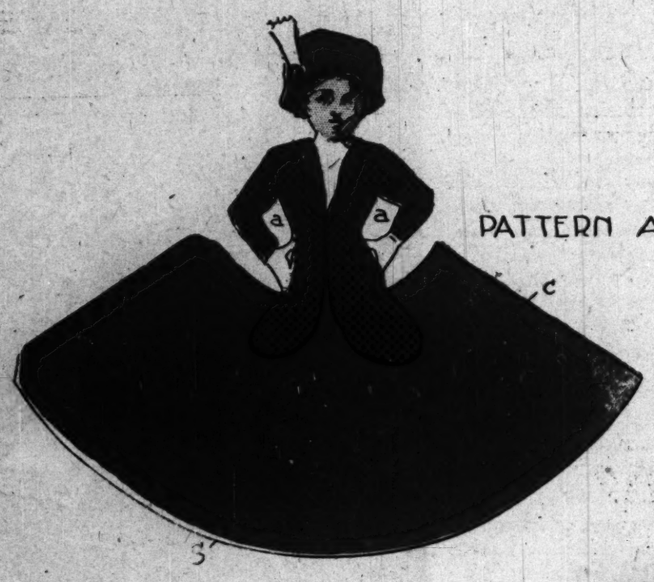
It is not necessary that a man and woman have every taste in common. Their lives are fuller if they have complementary interests and share them. Suppose you are fond of music and the theater and he is fond of bridge. It is your business to hit on a plan by which you will both enjoy your share of music and cards not alone but together. In the beginning you may find cards a bore, and he may think music worse, but by commencing this work tactfully you may cultivate some tastes in common.

The question of how to treat a husband is the easiest question in the world for every woman to answer. All she needs do is to treat him like a man, with all this word should imply. Love demands that men and women take a broad gauge of things. The successful business man takes a broad view of affairs, the successful society woman accepts the same line of action, and the successful husband and wife must do the same. There never has been and there will never be a happy courtship where a young man and girl take a small and petty view of life. The questions that arise before marriage are few and unimportant compared with those that are bound to come into the lives of men and women after they are married.

THE MARVELOUS ROLLERS!

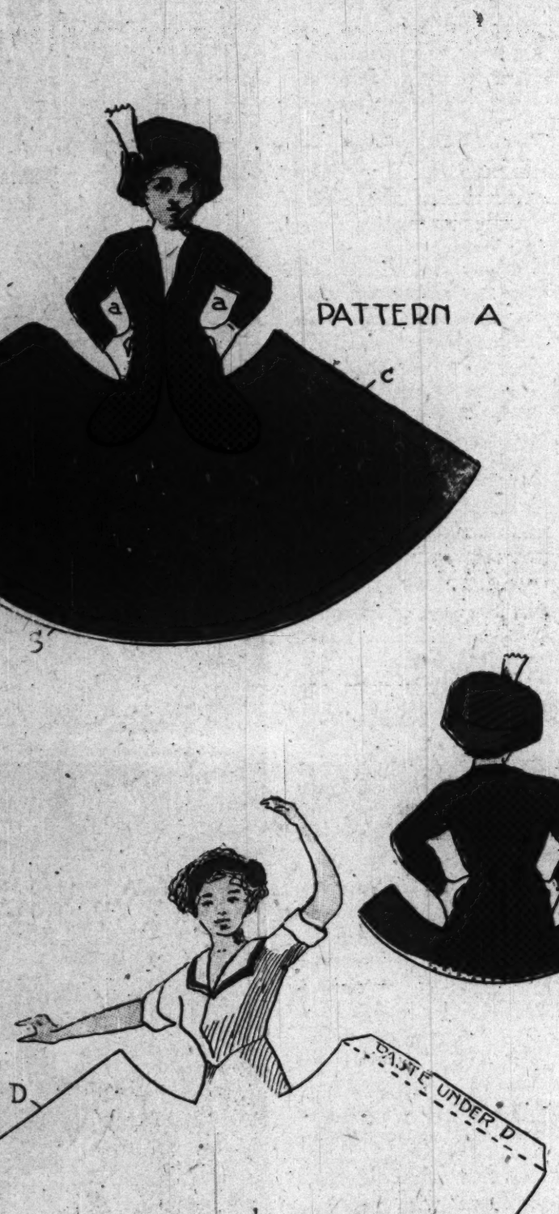


NEW "JACK KNEIFF" CUT OUT TOYS THAT DO TRICKS



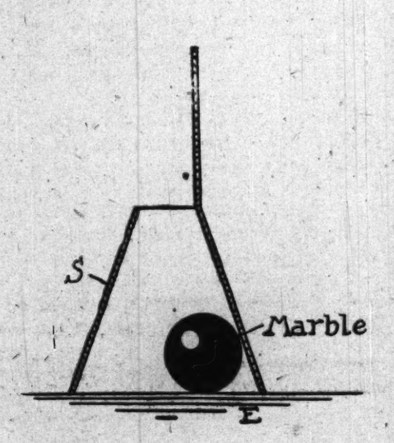
PATTERN A

Back of A



PATTERN B-

Back of B



DIRECTIONS.

When finished and placed on a smooth surface the figures dart about from place to place with each inclination of the surface, the secret of their movements being in the weight of the rolling marble. Cut out the patterns as shown, paste them to stiff paper cardboard, and, bending the skirt part into a cone shape, paste the flaps as directed at C and D. This will make two skaters. The other patterns paste to the backs of the figures. When the figures are made procure a board or large piece of heavy pasteboard and mark a three inch circle in the center as at C above, the board being shown in the hand at E. This done, set the figures on the board, each over a large marble, and try to get both figures into the circle at once.

Lingerie Designs

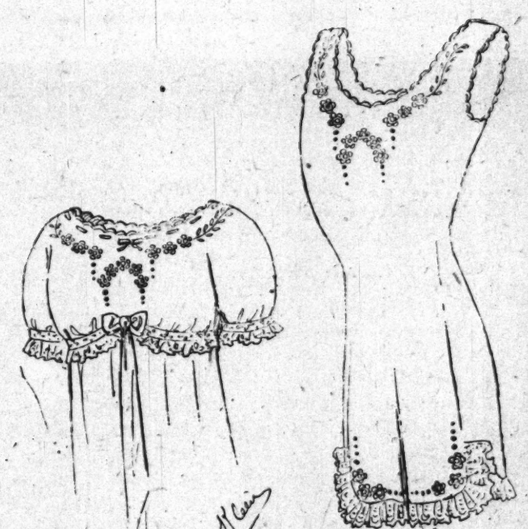
These Patterns Can be Transferred to Cloth

DIRECTIONS.

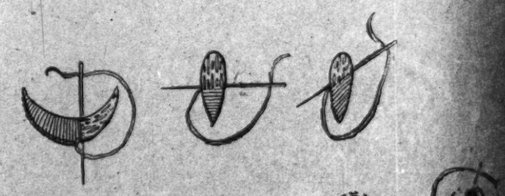
If you follow the directions carefully, from three to five transfers can be made from the pattern on this page to cloth. The process is simple:

Spread your cloth upon a smooth, hard surface. Dampen the back of the pattern until you can see the print through the paper. Lay the paper upon the cloth, and with bowl of a spoon press down upon the cloth, being careful to press firmly and not tear the paper. If a dry piece of paper is laid over the dampened paper, the danger of tearing is lessened. By this means the pattern will be printed on the cloth.

Cut out and preserve this page. If you desire additional copies, buy them from your newsdealer immediately, as he does not keep back numbers of The Sunday Tribune.



CENTER



OUTLINE, BUTTON-HOLE, SATIN AND EYELET STITCHES